

Burn

Lil' Wayne

Hammer on the dresser, work on the stove
I'm sitting on the counter blowing purp out my nose
Red bone naked, in the bed flexin'
I say bitch I ain't impressed you must of got the wrong impression
I ain't with the BS, I'm flyer than PF
Man we living in hell like a deep breath
Real niggas with real money real bitches with fake asses
If she don't wanna fuck I get on my skateboard and I skate passed her
Money on the table, guns on the table
Bitch I'm on that syrup tell that hoe leggo my Eggo
And my girlfriend is that choppa, I finger fuck that ho
Hello I am Tunechi you had me at hello
Drop top Maybach, clean like Ajax
Man I don't fuck with none of you niggas like rednecks
We got that work so come and get if we don't know you, you pay tax
I put a hole in your apple what that is apple jacks
Pussy nigga I'll murder you then dance at your funeral
Blood I'll have a nigga drinking his own blood communion
Wake up like Bone Thugs I'll call your bluff pick the phone up
Her titties fake but they look real cubic zirconia's
Run up in your house spare the kids and kill the grown ups
Your bitch call me when she hot Krispy Kream donuts
Shoutout to my new hoes, shoutout to my old hoes
I still wear that ass out like a wardrobe
Bitch what they gonna say?
Still eating rappers on my fucking lunch break
Bad yellow bitch with a tongue like a snake
I let her suck my dick then I fuck her to some Drake

And then I let that kush burn let that kush burn
Yeah I let that kush burn
Smoking gasoline bitch
The booth on fire I'm in here getting higher
Young Money bitch we at the top like barbwire

Money on my mind I ain't thinking bout no bitch
I'm talking bout that scratch like my muhfuckin throat itch
Stop stuntin if you ballin buy your bitch something
Stayed on the same team like Tim Duncan
Shit get real if ya scared go to catholic school
And if we want it straight jacket like a padded room
Shoot your ass 100 times and stand over you
Lil' Tunechi so fly I got arachnophobia
Burn bitch, AK in my firm grip
Leap if you feeling like Kermit, sermons
Preach reach and I smoke your ass like Cheech
I be faded like bleach, double barrel Siamese
I like my swisher obese fuck that bitch like police
Fuck these haters with no grease, you get chin checked goatee
Money talks bitch and mine talks like Robin Leach
That lean got me slow as Lisa Turtle ask Screech
Bank card heavy, my wallet like a barbell
My girl got a fat cat, I call that shit Garfield
We'll bring the O.K. Corral to your doorbell
We pull triggers not coattails, I make lump sums oatmeal
I'm stuntin getting new money
Trukfit money Mountain Dew money, tell em

I get better like fine wine I'm fire like cayenne
In the words of my nigga BP I'll hit a bitch with a car bomb BOOM

Lil' bitch
Niggas gonna talk they ain't talking bout shit
Niggas gonna bark I go Mike Vick
Fuckin' fuck niggas on that fuck shit
Suck a nigga dick for some Trukfit

And let that kush burn let that kush
Yeah I let that kush burn
Smoking gasoline bitch
The booth on fire I'm in here getting higher
Holla at a nigga if you want that Oscar Mayer